

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 7.



"IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR."

THERE'S a song in the air, there's a star in the sky,
There's a mother's deep prayer and a baby's low cry,
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
And the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

— J. G. Holland.

BUT the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease;
And we listen still to the tidings
Of glory and of peace.

— Adelaide A. Proctor.

"That Glorious Song of Old."

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men
From Heaven's all-gracious King"—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;—
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;—
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

— Rev. E. H. Sears.

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands.

— Whittier.



"FROM ANGELS BENDING NEAR THE EARTH."

Once.

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil
side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the
right:—
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and
that light.

—James Russell Lowell.

The Two Little Stockings.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

TWO little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireplace, broad and wide,
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho! ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one,
I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney-place,
And measured a sock, with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low, like a bird, about.
"Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
And read the address, in a child's rough plan.
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought perhaps, you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you're not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's. I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said, with a sigh.
Then, softly he blew, through the chimney high,
A note like a bird's, as it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth's portals.
"Hurry up!" said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."
The wind caught the words, and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky.
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good will" with him everywhere.

—Sarah Keables Hunt.

The Robin in an English Church.

It was the night before Christmas, in England,
and snow was falling. They did not mind it in
happy homes, where lamps were lighted and fires
burned cheerily, and tables were spread for tea.
But a little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about
wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly
away south before snow comes, but this was across
the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

The little bird lighted on window-sills, and
tapped with his beak, but was seldom heard.
Once, two little girls looked out of the window
and saw him; but it was so very cold that they
quickly ran to the warm fire, and birdie flew
away.

After a while an old man came along in the
path that led up to the village church. Robin
hopped behind him, and when he opened the door
birdie was close by and went in, without being
noticed. Oh, how warm and comfortable the
church was! The Sunday-school children had
been there with their teachers trimming the church
with holly and mistletoe, and singing Christmas
carols. The fire was to be kept all night, that the
church might be warm for the Christmas service.

The old man put on fresh coal and went home.
Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up
some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes
had been given to the children. How welcome
this little supper was to the hungry robin, you
can guess. Then he perched on the railings of
the stairs, and tucked his head under his wing,—a
very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning, his
bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly
berries. There was indeed a royal feast in robin's
eyes, enough to last for many weeks of wintry
weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came
and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich,
joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high
above, among the green branches. No one had
seen him, and what a sweet surprise! The minister
raised his hand to keep silence while birdie
sang, and then, opening the Bible, read in reverent
tones:

"Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and
the swallow a nest for herself, where she may
lay her young: Thine altars, O Lord of hosts!"

"This time," said the minister, "our favorite
bird, our little Robin Redbreast, has found a lodg-
ing and breakfast in the church, where we come
to pray for our daily bread. Snow is all around,
covering the ground and bushes; he was cold and
hungry, and might have perished in the storm, but
the good All-Father, in his pitying love and ten-
der care, guided the tiny wings hither."

"The little bird praises Him in its joyous song.
Shall not we, with far greater reason, praise Him
gladly?"

—New Orleans Picayune.

His Big Friend.

A crowd gathered on a wharf in San Francisco
had an opportunity to see a dog rescue another dog
from drowning and go about his work as intelli-
gently as if he had been the trained officer of a
humane society.

A small terrier dog fell from the stringer of the
wharf into the bay. He swam around for some
time in a circle and many plans were suggested
for his rescue, but none of them proved practical.
The little creature seemed doomed to a watery
grave, for he was fast becoming exhausted. The
female portion of the audience was much exercised
and gave many expressions of pity.

Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the
terrier were given up the bark of a dog in the
crowd attracted attention, and there appeared upon
the stringer, in front of the wharf, a large New-
foundland.

He saw the little fellow in the water, and with a
low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a
moment or two, and then, to the surprise of every
one present, he sprang into the water, and at once
swam to the terrier.

Seizing him by the neck with his teeth, and
after swimming about for some time, he sighted
the new sea-wall extension, about a hundred yards
distant, for which he headed.

Upon landing his burden on terra-firma, the
Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks,
and seemed to be proud of what he had done. It
was some time before the terrier was able to gain
strength to walk away.

One of the witnesses of the strange sight, patted
the Newfoundland dog, and said: "This dog is
mine, and I would not take \$1000 for him at this
moment."

Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator: "Do
you ever charge anybody for the address of a
message?" "No," replied the operator. "And
do you charge for signing his name, sir?" said
the customer. "No, sir." "Well, then, will ye
please send this? I just want my brother to know
I am here," handing the following: "To John
McFlynn — at New York — [signed] Patrick Mc-
Flynn." It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's
shrewdness.

Who Ranks?

The New York Herald publishes the following
anecdote as a matter of history:

"When General Grant was about to leave
Washington to enter upon that sublime campaign
which began with the battle of the Wilderness
and ended with the downfall of the rebellion, he
called upon Secretary Stanton to say good-bye. The
Secretary was anxiously awaiting him. During
the two and a half years that President Lincoln
and Secretary Stanton had managed the Eastern
armies, it was the first point in their plans to keep
Washington heavily garrisoned with troops. Large
bodies of men were stationed in the fortifications
around the city, and other large bodies were kept
within supporting distance. Now that Grant had
come into power, Stanton wanted to see that the
defense of Washington was not overlooked.
Accordingly, after a few preliminaries, the Secre-
tary remarked:

"Well, General, I suppose you have left us
enough men to strongly garrison the forts?"

"No," said Grant, coolly; "I can't do that."

"Why not?" cried Stanton, jumping nervously
about. "Why not? Why not?"

"Because I have already sent the men to the
front," replied Grant, calmly.

"That won't do," cried Stanton, more nervous
than before. "It's contrary to my plans. I can't
allow it. I'll order the men back."

"I shall need the men there," answered Grant,
"and you can't order them back."

"Why not?" inquired Stanton, again. "Why
not? Why not?"

"I believe that I rank the Secretary in this mat-
ter," was the quiet reply.

"Very well," said Stanton, a little warmly, "we'll
see the President about that. I'll have to take you
to the President."

"That's right," politely observed Grant; "the
President ranks us both."

Arrived at the White House, the General and
the Secretary asked to see the President upon im-
portant business, and in a few moments the good-
natured face of Mr. Lincoln appeared.

"Well, gentlemen," said the President, with a
genial smile, "what do you want with me?"

"General," said Stanton, stiffly, "state your
case."

"I have no case to state," replied General Grant;
"I'm satisfied as it is;" thus outflanking the Secre-
tary and displaying the same strategy in diplomacy
as in war.

"Well, well," said the President, laughing, "state
your case, Secretary."

Secretary Stanton obeyed; General Grant said
nothing; the President listened very attentively.
When Stanton had concluded, the President crossed
his legs, rested his elbow on his knee, twinkled
his eyes quaintly, and said:

"Now, Secretary, you know we have been try-
ing to manage this army for two years and a half,
and you know we haven't done much with it. We
sent over the mountains and brought Mister Grant
— as Mrs. Grant calls him — to manage it for us,
and now I guess we had better let Mister Grant
have his own way."

From this decision there was no appeal. Nobody
ranked the President. So General Grant went
off with the army, and Secretary Stanton went
back to his office.

The Thankful Heart.

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell
me there were particles of iron in it, I might look
for them with my eyes and search for them with
my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them;
but let me take a magnet and sweep through it,
and how would it draw to itself the almost invis-
ible particles by the mere power of attraction! The
unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, dis-
covers no mercies; but let the thankful heart
sweep through the day, and as the magnet finds
the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly
blessings,—only the iron in God's sand is gold.

—O. W. Holmes.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

Orders for the enlarged collection of Melodies in book form can now be filled forthwith at two cents each.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign our "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member* of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and a "Band of Mercy" member of the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, all without cost. Any boy, girl, man or woman can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

The pledge is: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

American Teachers' Bands of Mercy.

- 582. Pelican Rapids, Minn.
Golden Rule Band.
P. & S., F. E. Cox.
- 583. Cecil, Ohio.
5081. Woodland Echoes Band.
P. & S., Helen A. Gale.
- 584. Greene, Iowa.
5082. Live and Let Live Band.
P. & S. Suie M. Shaw.
- 585. Nickerson, Kansas.
5083. P. & S., Rinda Allen.
- 586. Marshall, Texas.
5084. The Little Soldier's Band.
P., Drayton W. Powell.
S., Mrs. Annie C. Campbell.
- 587. Blairsville, Ill.
5085. Bethel Sympathy Band.
P. & S., Robt. Howell.
- 588. Valparaiso, Neb.
5087. Maple Grove Band.
P. & S., Ava Williams.
- 589. Cadott, Wis.
5088. Peter Cooper Band.
P. & S., Ida J. Mason.
- 590. Brooksville, Ky.
5089. Bee Hive Band.
P., Neppie See.
S., Edith Patterson.
- 591. Alton, Iowa.
5090. Jennie M. Crowe.
- 592. Joliet, Ill.
5091. The Workers' Band.
P., Carrie Heilman.
S., Albert Danner.
- 593. Russell, Kansas.
5092. Golden Rule Band.
P., Jennie C. Wilson.
S., Cora McDougal.
- 594. Orange, Texas.
5093. Protection Band.
P., R. D. Delaney.
S., Mrs. Millard Johnston.
- 595. Orange, Texas.
5094. Willing Hands Band.
P., Lillie Lambert.
S., Mrs. E. G. Latchem.
- 596. Providence, R. I.
5095. New Helper's Band.
P. & S., Caroline E. Work.
- 597. Como Band, Blair, Neb.
5096. P., Cora Beard.
S., Una Johnson.
- 598. San Diego, Cal.
5097. Hitchcock Band.
P., G. N. Hitchcock.
S., Mrs. Aurora H. Todd.
- 599. New Orleans, La.
5098. McDonogh No. 17 School Band.
P. & S., M. R. Chevallie.
- 600. Alpine, Neb.
5099. P. & S., C. T. Watts.
- 601. Pawtucket, R. I.
5100. Everlasting Band.
P. & S., Florence B. Howland.

- 602. Boston, Mass.
5101. Brimmer School No. 1 Band.
P., Ella L. Burbank.
V. P., James T. Daily.
S., Wm. F. Kraft.
T., Chas. C. A. Ames.
- 603. Chamberlain, Dak.
5102. Peace Seekers Band.
P., Charlie Wright.
S., Mary S. Barber.
- 604. Boston, Mass.
5103. Brimmer School No. 2 Band.
P., L. M. Stetson.
V. P., A. T. Douglass.
S., S. Rothfuchs.
T., M. M. McCarthy.
- 605. Dunlap, Iowa.
5104. P. & S., M. L. McNally.
- 606. First Fork, Pa.
5105. Daisy Band.
P. & S., Maud E. Wykoff.
- 607. Amoskeag, N. H.
5106. P., Robt. McVicar.
S. & T., Ellen Burke.

OTHER BANDS.

- 5086. No. Scituate, R. I.
Hope and Mercy Band.
P., Edith F. Eddy.
S., Ida Angell.

REV. MR. TIMMINS.

Mr. Timmins is having great success in England, in forming Bands of Mercy. Lord Mount-Temple, brother-in-law of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, and associated with him in all good works, is president and joint founder with Mr. Timmins, of the new movement, and has addressed with Mr. Timmins, large audiences.

Now Kiss Me.

A very funny incident occurred in a neighboring city, says an exchange, a few days since, and one which is too good to be lost. One of our celebrated composers has written a very pretty song entitled, "Kiss Me." A very pretty, blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it, with some others, stepped into a music store to make a purchase. One of the clerks, a modest young man, stepped up to wait on her. The young lady threw back her veil, saying:

"I want 'Rock me to sleep.'"

The clerk got the song and put it before her.

"Now," said the young lady, "I want the 'Wandering Refugee.'"

"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk, bowing, and in a few minutes he produced the 'Refugee.'

"Now, 'Kiss Me,'" said the young lady, of course meaning the song above mentioned.

The poor clerk's eyes popped fire almost, as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment, for he was not aware that a song by that name had been published.

"Wh—what did you say, Miss?"

"Kiss me," said she.

"I can't do it; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk.

And about that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, clerk felt sick, and dealer lost the sale of some music.

Now How to Take Care of Number One.

Mr. Pritchard, who lives in a suburban New Jersey village, has a Newfoundland-shepherd puppy not more than nine months old. Its kennel, to which it is chained, is about fifty yards from the house. The other day, the regular feeding-time had passed without its food being taken to it. The dog waited an hour impatiently, and then barked and howled. Failing to attract attention, he broke his chain, picked up the earthenware dish in which his food is always served, and started for the house. Entering the open door, he sought Mrs. Pritchard and her daughter, and held the empty dish up to them, with a pleading expression in his dark-brown eyes. "If that was instinct," said Mr. Pritchard in telling the story, "I'd like to know what reason is."

—Golden Days.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, December, 1885.

DIRECTORS' MEETING.

At November meeting of directors, held on 18th ult., President Angell reported that he had visited thus far twenty-three of the large Boston public schools, and addressed about 11,000 boys and girls, giving one hour to each school, and had in every instance been most kindly received by both teachers and pupils. A new form of cattle-car had been submitted to him which bids fair to work a great revolution in the transportation of live stock. The office agents had during the month dealt with 33 cases of cruelty, taken from work 23 animals, and mercifully killed 69. There are now 5103 Bands of Mercy in the United States. A resolution of respect and sympathy was unanimously passed in relation to the death of Mr. Joseph Baker, of East Boston, who was for fourteen years a prosecuting agent of the Society.

TO A LADY.

The following, recently written to an influential lady, in a distant city, who cannot obtain from the local society P. C. A. any effective assistance in promoting humane education, tells its own story:

BOSTON, November 10, 1885.

Dear Madam:

I think you need a "*Ladies' Humane Education Society*." It may begin with half a dozen, and end by uniting all Christian sects and others in an organization which will do a *thousand times more* for both animals and human beings in your city than all the prosecutions that *ever have been or ever will be made*. Churches and Sunday schools cannot reach the masses, who never attend them. Humane education, *through the public schools*, can reach almost every home, and in making kinder and more merciful to the lower creatures, *make kinder and more merciful in all the relations of life*, and so not only protect in the *present and future* from crimes of violence, but in the words of my good friend, Mrs. Smithies, of England, now gone to her rest, "prepare the way for the *gospel of Him* who came to proclaim 'peace on earth, good will to men.'"

Such a society, to succeed on a large scale, must be *very broad*, take in Roman Catholics as well as Protestants. If you can find *men* who will give *heart and brain and money*, take them in — but no *useless lumber*, and leave out *all* clergymen, unless you can find *acknowledged leaders of every sect, who will agree never to disagree*, and even then, *I should prefer not to risk it*. But *anything* is better than *nothing*, and a society of *three* persons than no society at all. "Tall oaks from little acorns grow." Call upon me for any assistance I can give.

With great respect,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

By the death of the world-renowned and loved philanthropist and President of the Anti-vivisection Society, of England, Lord Shaftesbury, the suffering, both human and dumb, have lost one of their best and noblest friends.

"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."

We call attention to the beautiful Christmas poem in another column, beginning, "*It came upon the midnight clear*."

Lee & Shepard have expended about \$2200 in cuts illustrating this poem, of which they have kindly loaned us two. In the whole range of Christmas presents we know of nothing more beautiful, and advise all our readers to secure it.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Our readers will be interested to read the article in another column by Rev. J. G. Wood, in the *Youth's Companion*, which excellent publication kindly loans us the illustrative cut. The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, is doing a noble work for the protection of animals.

HUMANE RECORD OF ST. LOUIS.

We are glad to know that this interesting monthly, published by the Missouri Humane Society, has already, in its first year, a circulation of 5000.

There should be a paper of this kind in every State, and the good mother of all of them, "*OUR DUMB ANIMALS*," welcomes every new comer.

THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE

Has offered prizes to the boys and girls of New Orleans for best compositions on kindness to animals.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Cleveland Humane Society seems to be one of our best local societies with two good agents and receipts for the past year \$5,042.55.

Katie's Christmas Wants.

WE want Christmas tree,

Yes, me do;
Want an orange on it,
Lots of candy, too.

Want some new dishes,
Want a red pail,
Want a rocking horse
With a very long tail.

Want a little watch
That says "Tick, tick!"
Want a newer dolly,
'Cause Victoria's sick.

Want so many things,
Don't know what to do;
Want a little sister,
Little brother, too.

Want you buy 'em, mamma?
Tell me why you want.
'Want to go to bed?'
No, me don't.

—Eva M. Tappan, in *Picture World*.

AT Christmas-tide the trees are bare,
A shiver of frost is in the air;
The wind blows keen across the wold,
Gone is the autumn's glimmer of gold.
But lo! a red rose opens wide
In the glowing light of the ingleside—
A rose, whose fragrance, sweet and far,
Is shed at the beaming of Bethlehem's star;
And once again the angels sing
That love is heaven and Christ is King.

ADDRESSES IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

If any one doubts the importance of addressing public schools we invite him to read this from the *Union and Advertiser*, Rochester, N. Y.:

"The humane society has a claim upon every human heart, and asks humanity for help, not only to enforce, but to make just and humane laws. It appeals to the public in behalf of the children in our public schools to educate them mercifully—to teach the young idea to be merciful. The fundamental principle of free school education is to make better citizens of the children who are soon to become the nation's educators and rulers. In the words of John Bright, 'If children at school can be made to understand how it is just and noble to be humane even to what we term inferior animals, it will do much to give them a higher character and tone through life. Sixty minutes devoted to inculcating a spirit of kindness to animals, taken out of sixty thousand minutes given over to the study of arithmetic or grammar, will never be misapplied in the free school education of any child. The east and the west, and right and wrong are not further separate than mercy and cruelty. Children are not, as a general rule, supposed to be cruel intentionally; but it is with them as with older people, that

'Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.'

It is thoughtless cruelty we would prevent, while intentional cruelty it is our purpose to punish."

The American Railroad Hog.

To know the American you must see all sides of him. On a train between Jersey City and Paterson, a poorly dressed woman carrying a baby in her arms, walked through two cars and was unable to find a seat. The railroad Hog was there. In a dozen cases he had a whole seat to himself and his bundles, and he meant to keep it. The woman finally took a seat in the smoking-car. Soon after the Hog went forward to enjoy a cigar, and found her crying.

"What's the matter?"

"Baby is very ill, sir."

"And where are you going?"

"To my sister's. My husband is dead, and I have no home."

"Leave you any money?"

"Not a dollar, sir."

"Umph! Sorry for you. Let me hand you this."

The Hog had been robbed of his bristles. Woman's tears had melted him. He returned to his car, gathered the other Hogs about him and said:

"Come down! Poor widow—sick baby—no home. Come down!"

The Hogs went down for their wallets, and in ten minutes a handsome sum was put into the woman's hand, and the Boss Hog observed:

"There—there—it's all right—not a word! Now come back here!"

She followed him into the next car, and a dozen Hogs rose and insisted that she take their seats.

The railroad Hog can't be crowded, but he can be melted.

Without disparaging the hog, we think it better to be a gentleman than a hog. [EDITOR.]

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

[From Youth's Companion.]

The Horse as a Reasonable Being.

BY REV. J. G. WOOD.

When the late Mr. Rarey, the horse trainer, visited England, I listened with much attention to his preliminary discourse, and watched his mode of dealing with horses which were supposed to be incorrigibly savage.

His first move was to assure the horse that he was not afraid of it, and was not going to hurt it, so that it need not be afraid of him. His next move was to make the horse believe that he was the stronger of the two. Therefore he never shouted at the animal, nor attempted to drag it by force.

Still less did he beat it, or inflict pain upon it. He scarcely spoke above his breath, and always in a gentle and soothing manner, and no matter what the horse might do, never lost his temper. But he so contrived that the horse found itself obliged to do anything which Rarey required from it, without knowing how or why. When Rarey strapped its fetlock to its knee, the horse found that it could not release itself. Its intellect was not able to discriminate between the strap and the hand which fastened it, and so the animal believed that the man was stronger than itself, and yet would not hurt it.

This important lesson having been learned, and the horse having placed absolute confidence in him, the next lesson was to teach it that it need not be afraid of other objects which might terrify it.

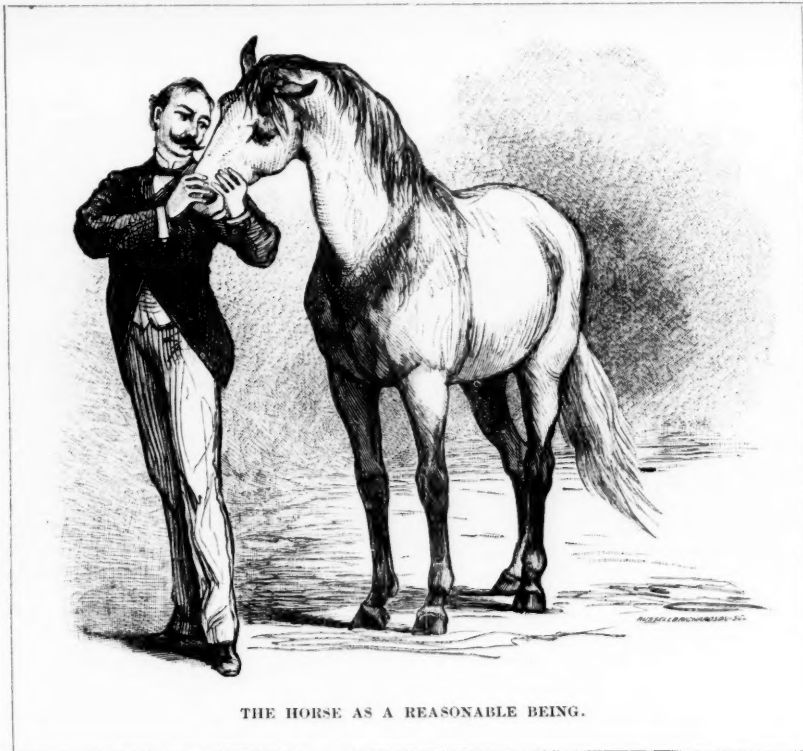
I have seen a horse fly at Rarey as if it had been an infuriated tiger, screaming with fury, snapping with its teeth, striking with its fore legs, lashing at him with its hind feet. In twenty minutes Rarey was running about the area, with his hands in his pockets, and the horse trotting after him with its nose on his shoulder.

The horse is a curious being. It is at once the most timid and the most courageous of animals. A horse which will shy or balk at a feather blown by the wind, will charge a battery without flinching, simply because it has been taught to face cannon, and the feather is strange to it.

Acting on this principle, Rarey then taught the animal that it need not be afraid of the most alarming sights and sounds, and in a short time he could open an umbrella in the horse's face, fire all the chambers of a six-shooter revolver close to its head, or beat a drum under its nose, without causing the slightest alarm. So rapidly does the horse learn under a good instructor, that scarcely half an hour was occupied, first in taming the horse, and then in teaching these lessons.

Not long ago I witnessed an interesting scene at one of the great junction stations in England. Three of the principal lines converged upon it, and cars are perpetually being shunted from one line to another. The task is mostly performed by horses, and the animals know their business so well that they are not even accompanied by drivers.

One of these horses was standing alone in the middle of the tracks, and facing a locomotive. Suddenly the engine blew off steam in front, enveloping everything in vapor, and producing a roar loud enough to startle even a strong-nerved man. When the vapory cloud was dissipated, there was the horse standing in his place. He was perfectly calm, and had not moved a foot.



THE HORSE AS A REASONABLE BEING.

Country-bred horses are always afraid of railway trains when they first see them. But when they find that the noisy, rushing monster does them no harm, their reason tells them that they need not be afraid of it, and in a day or two they will graze close to the railway track, without even lifting their heads as the train rushes by.

When bicycles first came into use, horses were sadly frightened by them, and in England an attempt was made to suppress bicycles because horses were afraid of them. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed, and in a short time the horses treated the bicycles with perfect indifference.

So, if a horse should balk or shy, the very worst plan is to drag at the bridle, shout at it or beat it. The creature balks or shies because it is frightened needlessly at something. The rider or driver should therefore try to find out the cause of the horse's alarm, and should show it that there is no ground for fear. No balky horse ever baffled Rarey, and if we would treat our horses in the same considerate manner, we should in the first place see fewer balky horses, and in the next, we should soon be able to cure the animal of this vice, which is only another name for groundless fear.

In fact, in all our dealings with the horse, we should consider it not as a mere machine, but as a being which possesses reason, essentially the same as that of man, but of less power and grasp.

Even in guiding the horse it is better, both for the animal and the man, that the reins should be used as lightly as possible, and the whip not used at all. It can be done, and is done, not only in England, but in America. An admirable example of the ease with which the horse can be guided by an intelligent and kindly driver came before my notice a few years ago.

I had occasion to drive to Streatham, a place about five miles distant from my house. On the way I noticed that the driver did not use his whip, though the road was a hilly and troublesome one. Of course I complimented him on his kindness, and was surprised when the man told me that he did not possess a whip, not being such a fool as to want one.

The same carriage conveyed me home again, and I kept a careful watch on the driver. Then I

found that he did not even use the reins, but that he guided the horse entirely by his voice.

A long and steep hill lies about half-way between Streatham and my home. At the foot of the hill the driver descended and walked up the road, the horse following him. After we had gone about half-way up the hill, the driver turned round and said, "Now you may have a rest." He then resumed his walk. The horse went on until she reached a lighted lamp, and drew up under it, the driver continuing his walk. After a while he turned round and said, "Now, my lady, if you are quite rested, come on."

She turned her head, looked at him as if to acknowledge his remark, and then resumed her position. She had not rested sufficiently.

The driver went on, and presently the horse turned round of her own accord and followed him to the summit of the hill.

Within a quarter of a mile from my house is the road which leads to the stables, and I took care to see how the man and horse would act. Just as she came to the

road in question, round went her head.

An ordinary driver would have given a jerk to the opposite rein and a slash from the whip. This man did neither. He only said, "Not just yet, my lady. Straight on, if you please." And she went straight on accordingly.

On talking with the driver at the end of the journey, I found that he had studied the character of the horse for himself, and had acted upon his studies. He said, and rightly, that the horse wants to obey man. It only wishes to find out what are its driver's intentions, and will carry them out better if it be not kept in a state of constant terror and nearly constant pain, as is the case with most horses while they are at work.

The night being a very dark one, I had scarcely seen what kind of an animal it was that possessed such a master. But while patting and praising her, I thought that her bones protruded more than might have been expected, and asked her age. She was twenty-six years old, and still full of work.

It is scarcely necessary to say that I never afterward employed any other driver, except when this man was engaged.

The reader may here take note that kindly treatment of the horse is not only conducive to the comfort of both man and beast, but that it is by far the most economical mode which can be adopted. This driver had managed to get out of his horse some seven or eight years of work more than a cruel or even a rough driver could have done. The horse did her work gladly, and we all know how much better is work done "with a will" than that which is compulsory. There were no contests between the man and the horse. Both were in perfect accord, and when at work, the horse suffered no pain and the man no irritability.

Every one who is familiar with London must have noticed that the gigantic brewers' men, who accompany the equally gigantic horses which draw the heavy beer-wagons, never use their whips, and guide the horses entirely by the voice.

[To be continued in January Number.]

If any one says ill of you, let your life be so none will believe him.

THE POWER OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

REPORT OF GEO. T. ANGELL, PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, AND CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION, TO THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION AT ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER, 1885.

It is stated in the papers that all the churches in New York City will not seat over 350,000, while the population is about 1,400,000.

However this may be, I am satisfied by careful investigation that not more than about one quarter of the people of this country attend the churches, or their children the Sunday schools, and that the public school teachers have in the first fortnight of each school year, about four times as many children, and have them more hours, than the Sunday school teachers do during the whole year.

When I remember that nearly all the distinguished and influential men and women of the future and nearly all the possible criminals of the future, are now in these schools, and the incalculable influence which teachers can exert, not only upon children, but also through them upon their parents, I am thoroughly impressed with the belief that in the whole range of humane work there can be nothing more important than the duty of using every exertion to reach and influence the teachers and pupils of our public schools.

Acting upon this belief, I sent to the School Committee of Boston a few weeks since, a request that they would authorize me to address all the public schools of this city. On motion, the rule requiring such business to go over to a second meeting was suspended, and by unanimous vote, without a single objection, I was authorized to address all the public schools of Boston, giving each one hour.

There are 535 schools in the city, with 1341 teachers, and about 60,000 pupils. There are 64 High, Normal, Latin and Grammar Schools, each Grammar School having its cluster or division of primaries, with from 20 to 40 teachers, or thereabouts.

I commenced about the middle of October by addressing the five of highest grade, then took the Grammar Schools, and have to this date addressed nineteen in all, taking one a day, and giving one hour to each, and shall continue through November, December and January until all are finished.

The Superintendent of Public Schools sends notices several days in advance to the schools, giving day and hour, which is usually 3 P. M. In speaking, I remember that I have two audiences, one the 500 boys or girls, the other the teachers who are to instruct in the next fifteen or twenty years, the many thousands whom I shall never have the privilege of addressing.

I consider the first named a vastly important audience, and the last named a vastly more important.

I make every master and his principal assistant, life members of the "Parent American Band of Mercy," and Band of Mercy Members of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, giving them badges and cards of membership.

I give each teacher of both grammar and primaries, seven of the best publications of our Society, including "Five Questions Answered," "Band of Mercy Information," and "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals." I tell all the boys and girls about the "Bands of Mercy,"—that the President of the United States,—the Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, Chief Justice, Archbishop, &c., &c., are members,—explain the mottoes on the badge,—tell them the pledge is purposely made so broad that nobody can object, so that all may be brought within the reach of humane influence and education,—that there are now over five thousand Bands in the United States, with over three hundred thousand members, and that each boy and girl can come to our offices, and by signing the pledge become members of the "Parent American Band," also, "Band of Mercy" members of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and receive a certificate on tinted paper without cost. If they want badges and cards of membership, they can have them at cost. If they want to form a Band of Mercy, which any boy or girl can do,—then we will give them full printed information, without cost,—and as soon as they have formed a Band, it will be entitled to our monthly paper, and other publications without cost. I put every master on the free list of our

monthly paper.

Among the subjects of which I speak, are the history of European and American Societies, and the condition of animals before these societies were formed: cruelty to wild birds and caged birds, effects of cruelty on the meats we eat, and on the milk we drink, and to fish. I explain that fish should be killed as soon as caught, by a blow on the back of the head, and how the fish worms may be killed instantly by plunging them in boiling water. I tell them how old and injured domestic animals can be killed mercifully. I speak of cruelty to lobsters, frogs and toads,—of carrying poultry with heads hanging down, sticking pins into insects, keeping fish in glass globes—that earth worms, turtles, and most snakes are harmless and useful. I recommend them to feed the birds in winter, and speak of the great advantages which have come from having pet animals well taken care of.

In regard to horses, I speak of cruelty in blinders, check-reins, overloading, frosty bits, twitching the reins while driving, not feeding and watering often, which the small stomachs of horses require.

I instruct them that horses get old, sick and feeble, just like human beings.

I ask them never to ride in a vehicle drawn by a poor looking or cruelly checked horse when they can possibly avoid it, and when they see a very miserable looking horse on the street to tell the driver kindly that they pity his horse. I tell them of the great cruelty of keeping horses and dogs without proper daily exercise, the cruelty of muzzles on dogs, and that actual cases of death from hydrophobia are so rare that there are more than a hundred chances of being struck by lightning, for every one chance of dying of hydrophobia.

Above all I seek to impress upon them the importance of two rules, (1st) "Always deal with every animal as you would like to be dealt with if you were the animal." (2nd) "Always speak kindly to every bird and beast." That we should do these things first, on the score of health; second, on the score of gratitude to the animals, and to God who gave them; and third, because in doing them we shall make not only the animals, but ourselves happier and better.

For the benefit of teachers I give various illustrations of the advantages which have already come, both in Europe and America, from teaching children to feed the birds, pat the horses, and be kind to all the lower creatures, and the effects of such teachings on school government, and in making the boys and girls more kind to each other; that one English school master testifies that out of some 7,000 boys he has carefully taught to be kind to animals, not one has ever been arrested for a criminal offence; that out of 2,000 convicts in our prisons inquired of on the subject, only twelve had any pet animal during childhood.

I speak very briefly of beliefs which have prevailed in regard to a future life for animals, and give only a glimpse of the great subjects of transportation, slaughtering, starvation of animals in our extreme Southern and Western States in winter, and vivisection, endeavoring however to impress upon them the magnitude of the boundless ocean of cruelty which each of these subjects includes.

I have had the most cordial co-operation from Superintendent, Supervisors and teachers, and the most gratifying attention of the boys and girls during the entire hour, even in the roughest schools.

I am satisfied that this subject properly presented will interest any school, and that if some one of our friends in each city, who is accustomed to public speaking, will carefully prepare and give a suitable address upon it in each of the public schools, a grand work can be done for our humane societies in the present, and a vastly grander and more important one in the future.

I should add in regard to "Bands of Mercy," that I am in personal correspondence with several hundreds of them, scattered over the country in almost every State, which are holding regular meetings, and doing good, and in some cases very noble work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

If you are a very precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann; for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and others that "an is an indefinite article."

The Supper of St. Gregory.

A tale for Roman guides to tell
To careless, sight-worn travellers still,
Who pause beneath the narrow cell
Of Gregory on the Caelian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came
A beggar, stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast sick, in the name
Of the most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give;
The silver cup my mother gave;
In Christ's name take thou it, and live."

Years passed; and, called at last to bear
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk in St. Peter's chair,
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
The beggars came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
"O, Stranger; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome for the sake
Of him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Genesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?"
And in the hand he lifted up
The Pontiff marvelled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy Prayer and alms have risen, and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven.
I am the Wonderful through whom
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."

He spake and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not in vain;
Nor vain thy art, Verona's Paul,
Telling it o'er and o'er again
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still wheresoever pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to him.

—John G. Whittier.

Beautiful Swiss Custom.

The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland not solely to sound the cow call, but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth,— "Praise God the Lord!" All the herdsman in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees and with uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark. "Good-night!" trumpets forth the herdsman on the loftiest summit. "Good-night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsman and the clefts of the rocks.

—Boston Journal.

How Two Boys Passed Christmas Morning.

I am going to write about two little boys who were cousins, Richard M. and Paul B. Richard lived in Massachusetts, where he could see from his chamber window the Atlantic ocean. There was a thick clump of trees at the back of his house; and in winter the ground in front was covered with snow.

Paul lived in Southern California, where, from his chamber window, he could see the Pacific ocean. He had a brother Harry and two sisters. It never snowed where he was; and he had no use for skates, for the water never froze.

Richard had a sister Mary, of whom he was very fond. Here is what Richard wrote his Cousin Paul about his way of passing Christmas morning:—

"I wish you and Harry and the girls had been with us; for we had a good time on the ice. I'll tell you what we did. As soon as we had breakfast I got out my sled 'Dauntless' and told Mary to bring her skates.

"She got ready and I took her on the sled. Tiger began to bark, for he saw that a frolic was on foot. Off we started to the pond. A dozen boys and girls were there before us. We made a fire on an island in the middle of the pond. It was a cool day, but the wind didn't blow. Our island we called 'The Isle of Refuge.' Julia Peters named it. She has a knack at names. The island is fifteen feet long by twelve wide; and it has a rock that makes a capital fireplace. We had a fine time. All the girls could skate well. Nobody broke through the ice; but some of us had falls. No harm done. We thought of you and wondered what you and the rest of our cousins in California might be about. I hope you will write me as you promised."

Well, Paul *did* write, and here is an extract from his letter:

"We all woke early Christmas. Father was out in his large sail boat with some friends. We dressed and went down to the beach; and there, right in the face of the sun, we saw father's boat. Harry had a spy-glass, and he knelt on the beach and spied out father on the deck of the boat. Mother and the girls waved their handkerchiefs, while I jumped and shouted.

"It was a mild, lovely morning,—so mild that we wore our straw hats and light clothing. We thought of you, and I said, 'Wouldn't Richard like to be here, where Christmas morning is as warm as a day in June?'

"But Harry cried out, 'Don't you believe it! Richard is either coasting or skating; and I wish I were with him. How I would enjoy a high old time on the ice, and then a coast down hill on the snow! That's the fun for me!'

"Well," said mother, "I am satisfied with this bright sunrise and delicious air; I shall not long for the snow and ice." "Nor I," nor I, shouted Laura and Kate; so you see Harry was in a minority.

"Father soon landed from his boat, and then we all went back to the house and had breakfast. After breakfast we had a merry time at croquet, and then a still better time at foot-ball."

—Uncle George.

The Royal Family of Germany.

On a recent Wednesday the annual swan plucking took place at Schildhorn, on a little stream near Potsdam, Prussia, when 500 birds yielded the handsome quantity of about 300 pounds of feathers for the benefit of the royal household. This pulling feathers from live swan is a horrible and useless cruelty. Pulling a little hair from the royal family would be much better.

—New Orleans Picayune.

There is more honesty in the wag of a dog's tail, than in the shake of a man's hand.

—Merchant Traveller.



RICHARD'S MASSACHUSETTS CHRISTMAS.



PAUL'S CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Right Kind of Religion.

Your article, "Horses at Church," reminds me of a story told of my father, the late George Hallet. Many years ago, on visiting Yarmouth Port, his native place, he met an old friend, who said to him, "Mr. H., I've got religion since I saw you." "I am glad you have," said my father; "but have you got a shed at the meeting-house to put your horse in Sundays?" "No! I have not." "Well! I guess you'd better try again. I think you haven't got the right kind of religion."

This was long before the day of societies for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but I have no doubt it had a good effect, for the story was told all "along street."

—E. H. F.

"Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma says if you give us each a dollar, we are not to lose it on our way home."

An Affectionate Thrush.

A young Highlander, having set a horse-hair noose in the woods, was delighted one morning to find a female song-thrush entangled. He carried home his prize, put it into a roomy, open-braided basket, secured the lid with much string and many knots, and then hung the extemporized cage on a nail near the open window. In the afternoon the parish minister called in, and tried to persuade the boy to set the captive free. While the clergyman was examining the bird through the basket, his attention was called to another thrush, perched on a branch opposite the window.

"Yes!" said the boy; "it followed me home all the way from the woods."

It was the captive's mate, which, having faithfully followed his partner to her prison, had perched himself where he might see her, and she heard the sad, broken notes that chirped his grief.

The clergyman hung the basket against the eave of the cottage, and then the two retired to watch what might happen. In a few minutes the captive whispered a chirp to her mate's complaint. His joy was unbounded.

Springing to the topmost spray of the tree, he trilled out two or three exultant notes, and then the captive thrust out her head and neck. Then followed a touching scene. The male bird, after billing and cooing with the captive, dressing her feathers and stroking her neck, all the while fluttering his wings, and crooning an undersong of encouragement, suddenly assumed another attitude.

Gathering up his wings he began to peck and pull away at the edges of the hole in the basket's lid. The bird's ardent affection, and his effort to release his mate, touched clergyman, mother and boy.

"I'll let the bird go!" said he, in a sympathetic voice, as he saw his mother wiping her eyes with her apron.

The basket was carried to the spot where the bird had been snared. The cock thrush followed, sweeping occasionally close past the boy carrying the basket, and chirping abrupt notes, as if assuring his mate that he was still near her.

On arriving at the snare, the clergyman began untying the many intricate knots which secured the lid, while the cock bird, perched on a hazel bough, not six feet away, watched silently and motionless, the process of liberation.

As soon as the basket lid was raised the female thrush dashed out with a scream of terror and joy, while the male followed like an arrow shot from a bow, and both disappeared behind a clump of birch trees.

It was an excellent lesson for the boy, one which he will never forget.

—Youth's Companion.

Tolling Bells at Mount Vernon.

The following account of the origin of the custom of tolling the bell on boats passing the tomb of Washington was given at a meeting of the Washington Literary Society, by Dr. Toner: "This token of regard, it is said, originated on a French merchant vessel which had been to Alexandria for a cargo, and going down the river, after General Washington's death, but before his interment, placed its colors at halfmast and tolled its bell continuously while passing the house of mourning. This special testimony of respect impressed every person as becoming and appropriate, and it was at once taken up and practised by all river crafts. Ever since then the bell is tolled on vessels of every character and nation which pass the tomb of Washington. It may, then, be claimed to have grown into a custom of impressive reverential respect, observed by all vessels sailing up and down the Potomac river.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Lesson on Kindness to Animals.

BY GEO. T. ANGELL.

Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.

I remember reading in my boyhood about a merchant traveling on horseback accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money. The dog saw it. The merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther, bounded in front of the horse and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss and rode back, he found his dying dog lying there faithfully guarding the treasure.

The following little story told by a friend of mine is not so painful, but adds force to the thought, "*Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.*"

"When I was a boy and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer, and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after walking a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked, and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising, while he whipped him, '*to break him of that notion,*' as he said. But just then a neighbor came by. He said, '*there's something wrong here; let him get up, and let us examine.*' He patted the colt, looked at his harness, and then said, '*Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull, it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.*' And so it was, and but for that neighbor we should have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm, because he laid down when he couldn't breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because, having a wound on his head, concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly.

Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry or thirsty, or cold, or faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you.

"*Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak.*"

QUESTIONS.

What can you tell about the merchant and his dog?

What can you tell about the colt that laid down?

What can you tell about the St. Bernard dog?

What are you asked to remember?

We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning.

A tiny yellow-feathered canary bird stopped eating hemp-seed, and began cocking its head on one side, then scratching its bill with one claw the bird began to sing in flute-like tones, "*We Wont go Home 'till Morning.*" Every note was as true and prompt as a French music box. Despite the animated appearance of the songster, it was so unnatural to hear the roystering song chanted by a canary, that the bystanders looked suspiciously around to find the music box which was playing the tune. The bird belongs to L. D. Stebbins, the watchmaker, on Wisconsin street, and he explained how the little songster acquired its song.

He said the bird had been bred by himself. The parent birds were chosen with reference to volume of voice and quality. "As soon as the bird was born, the education was begun. A mouth-organ was the educator. It was eight months before the education was completed. The bird can sing '*We Won't go Home 'till Morning,*' faultlessly. It has never heard any other song. That tune was played at the bird three times a day on an organ.

—The Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

N. B.

The Editor of this paper recommends the children to read the following little story, by Mrs. Fairchild; and adds, that no man can estimate the good that would come, both to animals and human beings, if every child in this country could have some pet animal *well taken care of.*

Our White Mice.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

More than one man, whose opinion we value, has uttered a sentiment to the effect that man would do well to imitate some of the virtues of the animal kingdom; and it is hardly probable that any animal displays more sagacity and affection in its domestic and social relations than the diminutive white mouse, so frail that a momentary severe pressure of the hand would extinguish the atom of life within it.

It is true that in a colony of white mice there is one who will rule, and that one a full-grown male; he will share his honors with no one, and usually allows no male of his own age or size to dwell in the same community; younger ones may occupy subordinate positions in comparative peace, if they yield him the deference and respect which he considers his due.

When young Mr. and Mrs. Mouse commence housekeeping they are quite a gay pair, and in the evening jump and scamper around their cage in great glee. If provided with a wheel to run in they furnish an entertainment second to no squirrel in the land. We had a pair that would run together like two little ponies; many a man stopped on his way to his business to admire the tiny wheelists. Soon however, Trottie and Flossie had other business to attend to, for a young family appeared to claim their attention. Trottie was immensely proud, and if any one approached and laid a finger on the cage he would rush out and attempt to bite them—a very slight nibble, which harmed no one. The little mother attended most faithfully to her maternal duties, always covering the babies carefully with bits of paper whenever leaving the nest, in which process Trottie often assisted, and if a baby happened to roll out, both parents immediately set to work to return it, in the same manner in which a cat carries her kittens. Sometimes however, Trottie would become confused and drop the morsel in a corner of the cage instead of the nest, as if he considered he had some duty to perform, under the circumstances, but wasn't entirely satisfied in his mind as to what it was.

The babies, sightless and very red at first, were mostly inclined to lie on their backs during the first three days, with their very small feet protruding upward like bits of scarlet thread. The fourth day they are changing to a rose pink, and in two more days the faintest, softest, silkiest coat of white begins to appear. Then, if it is desired to tame them, they must be taken into the hand daily, as often as convenient, for even so young they readily distinguish the touch of the human hand from the soft presence of their mother, and if left unhandled until their eyes are open, will hop like fleas or grasshoppers, and often effect their escape, using their teeth, like needles, to assist. If however, they are tamed, they will endure very much before ever attempting to bite. When older, unlike wild mice, they seldom jump from the hand, and even if not very tame, their timidity and fear of falling usually prevents them escaping from the hand or a bare table, if allowed to run upon either.

As the family of Trottie and Flossie grew up, and formed domestic ties of their own, and the young parents became grand-parents, their interest in their progeny still continued, and was extended to their grand-children, who tumbled out of bed just as their mothers had done, and were bundled back by Trottie and Flossie as well as by their own fathers and mothers; and as time progresses, and new babies are added to the colony, we observe in addition to the care of the parents and grand parents, that aunts and cousins also

manifest an affectionate solicitude for each new brood, and when the babies get out of the nest they are returned to it by the "relative" who happens to first observe it.

We are constrained to admit, however, that there is a flaw in the character of the little white mouse, at times, for sometimes the helpless young are killed by their relatives. An intelligent German, who raised them by hundreds in the "Vaterland," asserts that the young are imperfectly developed when treated thus, and are thus (wisely) destroyed.

To offset this "peculiarity" is another trait of character which almost wholly redeems the white mouse from the charge of "inhumanity." When, by some mishap, as has often been the case in our experience with these little folks, a family of babies become orphans, the other nursing mothers will adopt them, be they smaller or larger than their own, and care for them without partiality equally with their own. All the babies are kept in extreme cleanliness, as is also the nest. Whenever one is returned to the nest from our hand, it is examined carefully to see whether it is as clean as when it left home.

Our little pets, having developed so many interesting and lovable traits, were not long since presented with a regular palace of a cage, where they enjoy their little lives to the utmost. Inside of the cage is an ornamental wooden box, with doors and windows, where they sleep, and out from which their little pink noses peep in the most cunning manner when they desire to seclude themselves. The cage proper is about two and one-half feet square, with an arched top; it is enclosed with wire netting, the inside ornamented with stairways leading to a wheel, a balcony, and thence to the roof. In the evening now the structure is alive with little white, flitting forms, to the number of little less than fifty. Upon opening the door some of them will approach timidly to our hands and run up to arm and shoulder, while others scamper off to the many little "cubby-holes" provided for them. They will eat most all kinds of food, but are especially fond of canary seed, lettuce, celery and potato, the latter either cooked or raw. They also love milk and cream, especially the latter.

The cages need cleansing with water often, and with the aid of saw-dust are easily kept wholesome. The nest should have a roof, and be supplied with tissue paper. Thus comfortable and happy, white mice make the prettiest pets in the world, and as is well known, can be taught many amusing tricks.

Chinese and Japanese rats are also very interesting, and much funnier than the mice.

—C. M. Fairchild, Chicago.

Mrs. Fairchild writes us, November 3d, that she has now about sixty white mice.

Toads in the Kitchen.

A house at Schenectady, N. Y., was for a long time infested by roaches and water bugs. Last fall a servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence.

Nobody ever heard of a merchant who, having witnessed his clerk's extraordinary skill at whist, or billiards, or base ball, resolved within himself, "I will take that young man into the firm." And nobody ever knew a man with a vacancy in his office, or shop, or counting-room, going to a base ball ground to select the best "bat," "catcher," or "pitcher" there to fill the situation.

How an Elephant Drove the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army at Orillia, N. Y., came to grief. A circus gave a performance in the town one evening last week, and the leaders of the salvationists concluded that circuses were sinful, and that they would march on the enemy. They marched up close to the door of the circus tent and began to sing and exhort. The ticket-seller at a circus has usually good lungs, but his voice was drowned by the roar of the deep-chested exhorters. The clown's jokes inside were lost in the din, the audience was annoyed, and there was trouble. The circus men could not drive away the exhorters, for the latter exceeded them in numbers. It was a bad case.

Then a bright idea struck one of the circus men and he disappeared within the tent. He came out again in a moment, and in remarkable good style. He was swinging a club and he was riding an elephant. The elephant seemed to enter into the spirit of the proceedings. He went for that Salvation army. The leaders of the force, who were singing songs, entered at once into an instantaneously improvised free-for-all race down the main street and round the corner. The elephant made pretty good time, but he was no match for the people he was after. The circus went on, and the powers of darkness triumphed.

—Chicago Tribune.

My Texas Cows.

I owned sixty-five acres of bottom land where the coarse, blue-joint grass grew in canebrake-like rankness. My Texas cows chose this dense cover in which to bring forth their young. One spring I knew that there were over twenty calves continually hidden in the grass on this bottom. Every morning cow after cow would slip out of the herd and disappear in the tall grass. After an absence of an hour or two, they would return to the herd. In the late afternoon they would again disappear, to rejoin the herd just about corraling time. When the calves were three or four days old, their mothers would bring them out into the herd, and their places in the grass would be occupied by younger calves. Once I desired to see the young calves, and I rode into the grass to hunt for them. After an assiduous search I found one calf lying prone on the earth, with its head and neck extended and pressed into the thick mat of old grass that lay on the ground. The little creature lay perfectly quiet watching my horse. It did not so much as wink its dark eyes when I dismounted and extended my hand toward it. I leaned over it. It watched me intently, but did not stir. I dropped my hand on its head. Instantly it was on its feet and calling loudly for protection, calling that the wolf, its mother had told of, had come. I heard twenty mother cows bellow in answer to the calf's call that they were coming. The dry grass snapped and cracked in all directions as the maddened cows rushed wildly to their young. I mounted my horse and quickly rode away from that spot. Each cow ran in a direct line to the place where its calf was hidden. The entire herd rushed into the cover to do battle for the calf. What an uproar there was! Cows, steers, bulls, all calling loudly to one another in angry, excited tones. I had a foolish setter dog with me, and he had to mix himself into the trouble. The first cow that saw him bellowed to the others that she saw the wolf. They all pursued him, and he, doglike, fled to me for protection, and my own cows gave me a brisk chase as I galloped over the prairie. The herd were excited and angry for hours.

—Frank Wilkeson, in Providence Star.

They Beat Steam.

No machine of travel that man ever invented can equal the speed of wild fowl. The canvas-back duck flies two miles a minute. The broadbills go slightly slower. The teal can fly at the rate of 100 miles an hour; the wild goose goes about ninety.

A Picture of War.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

(CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1863.)

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

I.

THE sun had set;

The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"

Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the gray-coats straight,
Eager as love, and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke.

Broke and fled.

No one staid—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still—

Those batteries parked on the hill!

"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)

"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannons lurched and lunged
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"

(We knew it was Pleasanton's)
The cannoners bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word:
And the black guns moved as if they had heard.
But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;

O, God, for ten minutes' time!"

The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred men alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"

"Are soldiers, General." Then,
Charge, Major. Do your best:
Hold the enemy back at all cost,
Till my guns are placed;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

II.

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasanton's eyes
For an instant—clear and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said, "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank,

Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sash'd;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall

In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung
Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.

Line after line; ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death salute
From the cannons in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain; the army was saved!

—Scribner's Magazine.

What Mary Gave.

When the contribution box comes round in church, boys and girls throw in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before. And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind, and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story, by her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, the icicle remained clear and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water were but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Christmas-Time.

AND well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night:
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside;
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

—Sir Walter Scott.

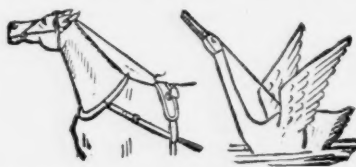
True Hospitality.

I pray you, oh excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man and woman who have just alighted at our gate; nor a bed chamber made ready at too great cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village inn; but rather let that stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may travel twenty miles, and dine sparsely and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth and love and honor and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.

—Emerson.

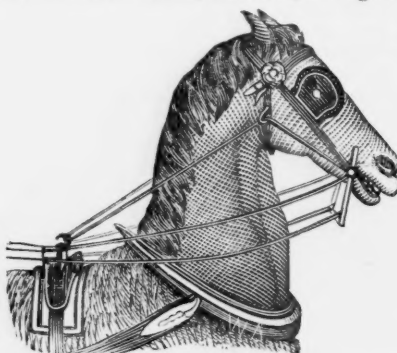
CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO YOUR HORSE.

If you use the horribly cruel and homely and disgusting check, — properly called *hog check* —



take it off and throw it into the fire, so that it can never torment another horse.

If you use this other, which is bad enough, and is condemned by about 500 Veterinary Surgeons in Great Britain as cruel to horses and productive of diseases of the throat, take it off, or lengthen it



out, so that the horse can put his nose down where he wants to going up hill when he has no check-rein. Do this, and your horse will enjoy his Christmas present more and probably longer than any member of your family.

Cases Reported at Office in October.

For beating, 18; overworking and overloading, 14; overdriving, 2; driving when lame or galled, 35; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 14; abandoning 3; torturing, 3; driving when diseased, 5; cruelty transporting, 2; general cruelty, 36.

Total, 133.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 37; warnings issued, 43; not found, 15; not substantiated, 28; anonymous, 1; prosecuted, 9; convicted, 6; pending, 1, [No. 142.]

Animals taken from work, 23; horses and other animals killed, 69.

Receipts by the Society in October.**FINES.**

From Justice's Court,—Hyde Park, \$1, Wellesley, [Paid at jail,] \$20.

Police Court,—Lawrence, [2 cases, paid at jail,] \$15.

Municipal Court,—Brighton, [7 cases,] \$22.50.

Witness fees, \$8.30.

Total, \$66.80.

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S. B. Fuller, \$2.50, Anonymous, \$1.50.

Total, \$114.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Jno. Buntin, \$2; Mrs. E. B. Benjamin, \$83; New Eng. News Co., \$80; Pauline Cweig, \$25; Coleta Ryan, \$25.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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Total, \$15.68.

Publications sold, \$8.59.

Total receipts in October, \$205.07.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Humane Record. St. Louis, Mo.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Cimbria. Schleswig-Holstein, Germany.
Rhenish-Westphalian P. A. Journal. Cologne, Germany.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.
Report of 1884-5, the Tenth Anniversary of Society P. C. A., Straubing, Germany.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, 1.00 "
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for Master," .75 "
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc. .65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies," book form, 2c. each.
"Band of Mercy Register," 6 cents.
"Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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